

POEM

After I lost my father
Nothing was the same
I took a walk in the woods
It was a summer evening
I sat in the midst of pine needles
I could hear the brook prickling
I could taste pine needles
In my mouth
I touched a mushroom
It fell into little pieces
I said:
"You must feel the same as I do."

Marion Sanipass

poetry

Mind you don't fall
Through that hole,
Young man.
It's everywhere,
You see,
And if you're not
Like me
You'll fall
Through that hole
Young man.

You tend your ways
And keep ye straight
Just be sure
You're never late,
And I'll pass you through
Some pearled gate,
The day that you are
No more.

Edmund Hopper

SHADOWS OF NIGHT

Shadows of night
Crawl into his mind.
Walking, feeling no motion,
Thinking and finding no thought,
He enters non-existence
Falling short of fantasy
Not knowing reality.

Edmund Hopper

BY THE FIRE

Come stay by me
A little while
And by the fire I'll tell
Of a land far-off, a-glazed in mist,
Where the two of us may dwell.

Beneath the dew
There lies a land
More fair than maids may breathe.
There you and I, my love
Escape in ecstasy.

The beautiful mountains
May rise about us
And cleave the breasted sky
To loosen there the silvered tears;
Of pain and joy she cries.

How drenched we are;
How quenched we are!
Her sorrow we do not feel
-Only the life-blood that brings rebirth
And does our ails heal.

And after
The golden sun appears
To smile on our hearts
Until no more that bright orb glows
But from the day departs.

Then as Night's cloak
Wraps round us warm
We let go the fantasy;
And I bring you back to the sparking flames
And the reality of me.

Lynn Reicker
Jan. 12, 1981

The Brunswickan announces a first poetry contest. Judges will be professors Theodore Colson & Robert Cogswell of the UNB english department.

Submissions of your most recent or ancient poetry should be sent to

The Brunswickan Poetry Contest
SUB

by Feb. 15, 1981

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